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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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A Spanish Love Stratagem.

[*Concluded from our Last.*]

THE old senator Nurillo, who had heard that the devil spoke of him by the mouth of the possessed, had the curiosity to hear Isabella, and for that purpose came to the inn, pretending to enquire after the physician.

The doctor, having procured him admittance to her bed-side; "Is it not a sad case, Signor Nurillo," said he, "that the devil should take up his abode in so angelic a body? For our consolation, he gives us hope he will soon depart from it, and, as a sign of his so doing, desires to expect the coming of your son Lewis."

"A fallacious hope it must be," answered the senator, "having no other grounds than the promise of the father of imposture; and I am astonished that so wise a man as you are, should give credit to it. You would not be so credulous, if you had read the last letter of my son, who, when he wrote to me, was setting out from Madrid to Salamanca, where he is to reside for some time.

"If I did not feel," said Isabella, "I know not what tenderness, for that venerable gentleman, I could assure him I do not impose upon him, when I promise the return of his son."

"Away with your professions of tenderness," replied the senator, who believed he was speaking to the devil, and not to the beautiful young lady; "those terms of soft insinuation are but a poor bait for a Christian as I am; and we know, seducing spirit, that thou dost not flatter, but to lead into temptation."

"Your son," replied Isabella, "thinks otherwise than you do, with regard to me. He knows that my temptations have no tendency contrary to nature, and he has given himself to me, to gain possession of a heart which he could not have obtained, if I had not concurred to make him master of it."

"Ah the wretch!" replied the senator, "are these the fruits of the sentiments of religion, I inspired him with."

"He did only on this occasion," said Isabella, "what yourself would have formerly done; and, if I inclined, I could bring him here from Salamanca, to have your approbation of the engagement he has entered into with me, for his happiness."

"A fine happiness, indeed!" exclaimed Nurillo, with a mournful air; "yes, a fatal happiness, and its reward, an eternity of pain."

"Well," said the exorcist friars, who were just come in, "let her bring him in hither. We shall learn from him the conditions of the engagement, and shall break and dissipate the projects of all the angels of darkness."

"This is excellent reasoning," said Isabella to them; "but permit me to tell you, that nothing but the presence of Nurillo, can extricate me from the power of the invisible agents, that now keep me in bondage."

The physician, believing he already saw the infernal empire descending upon the whole company, to oblige them to ratify the engagement, skulked secretly towards the stairs, and was hurrying down them, taking four steps at once, when the uncle coming up, stopped him short, and kept him from breaking his neck.

"Where are you going in such haste?" said he, "Come back, and you will hear something astonishing."

"Good folks," said the uncle to the company, when he got into his niece's chamber, "our devil seems now to be of better faith than we thought;—and I doubt not but he will soon take wing, since Don Lewis Nurillo has just now fallen, as it were, from the clouds, into the most public square of this city.

"Begone," added he, looking at Isabella; "go thy ways, thou accursed demon; —*vade, vade retro*, as thou hast promised, and leave in peace a girl that is so dear to me."

This piece of intelligence had such an effect upon the old senator, that, imagining his son to be transported through the air, he fell back on a chair, more dead than alive. A cold sweat trickled down his face, and the physician, instead of helping him, cried out for help himself, begging they would send for some of the fraternity that lived in the neighbourhood.

The same news produced a very different effect on Isabella's mind. She could not help testifying her joy; which made the exorcists believe that the devils applauded themselves, in her satisfied and laughing eyes, for the distress of the dying parties.

The guardian, on his part, did not know what to think of the matter, especially on being apprised of the devil's threats against him, while he was last absent. He would fain hope, that Don Lewis Nurillo was still at Salamanca; and addressing himself to the old senator,—"It can only," said he, "be the phantom of your son that has been seen in the great square. It is well known, that the devil is very dexterous at making dupes of the simple, by similar apparitions."

"No, no," answered Isabella who heard the voice of Don Lewis Nurillo coming up stairs, "I have imposed no commands on fantastic demons. Phantoms are only formed out of gross air; and Lewis there is a solid body, composed of flesh and bones. Is it not true," asked she, looking at him enamoured, "that spectres of your species are not insensible of beauty's attractions, and that you have given yourself to me, in order to subject a heart to you, which would still have kept aloof, had not I disposed it to surrender."

Every one trembled at the sight of Nurillo, and none dared to come near him. Even his father could not believe, that it was he in person, and all had like to die with fear, when Lewis spoke these dreadful words, addressing himself to the beautiful Castruccio—"Thou didst deceive me then, abominable seducer, when thou didst promise me the affection of that divinity whom I adore. Thou shouldst have put me in possession of so precieos a treasure, and thou hast seized it for thyself."

Charmed to see her lover second so well the intention of the letter he had received at Salamanca, and judging it was necessary, for a moment, to renounce the decorum of language, she replied, "Ungrateful wretch! dost thou so repay, with unjust reproaches, the devil's sincerity, and perhaps the most faithful of all the demons, in the air, on the earth, or in the abyss? Have I brought thee from Salamanca to Lucca, to plunge a poignard into thy bosom, though I cherish thee, as my dearer half? And wouldst thou not have lost the object of thy love, if I had not taken possession to return it for thee? I preserve it so well for thee, that, notwithstanding thy ingratitude, I will not desert it, till thou art put in peaceable possession, and transport it with thee into the Indies, if this instant,—its guardian,—thy father,—and all the assistants,—do not consent,—by a written instrument,—to thy happiness.

The road from Salamanca to Lucca, which, it was believed, the devil had made Don Lewis Nurillo travel over through the air, had so affrighted some of them, that they also dreaded being carried to the Indies by the same rout, and the same vehicle, if they refused the desired consent. The exorcists were of opinion it should be given, in order to amuse the devil. The old senator thought as they did.

The proposal was then made. The pretended devil approved of it; and the physician, seeing that every one signed (even the ladies that were confidents) did the same. He afterwards wanted to engage the guardian likewise to subscribe his signature, through complaisance, lest, said he, if any unforeseen devilish trick should happen to aggravate the lady's disorder, both of us be accused of harshness, and the accident laid to our charge.

"Your reason appears to me very good," answered the old gentleman, who placed great confidence in him; "but, if it should be discovered that we had consented to the marrying of two devils together, (for they are really ones that here speak) your inquisitor would put a jesting construction upon the matter."

"By no means, Sir. He would on the contrary, consider it as a profanation, and the only favour, he could confer upon us, would be, to send us both to the mad-house. Sign however, continued the physician, My profession authorises me to pursue any proper means for attaining my proposed end; and the inquisitor himself, who has been hitherto indebted to my skill for his life, will pass by, unnoticed in me, still more extraordinary matters. You conceive, equally with me, that your signing engages you to nothing,—because it is not possible that a farce should be here acted to bias us;—and you know that the devil, though very subtle, is not so, to the degree of concerting, without preparation, a piece that surpasses all human understanding, nor to set in motion, springs which can only be effected by nature."

"Since you advise me to it," replied the guardian, "I will sign by your example; but remember, you must be responsible for the consequences."

When Isabella had in her hands the consent in form, she delivered it to Don Lewis Nurillo. "Art thou then satisfied," said she to him, "Wilt thou any more accuse me of having deceived thee? I restore thy Isabella to thee, who has been so captivated, by my care, with thy fine qualities, that, during the last three days, she has waited thy coming with the firmness of a rock, lashed in vain by indignant waves. She gives thee her hand; give her thine. Be united to each other; and, when one of the exorcists shall confirm your union, I will leave you both to enjoy, in peace, a felicity which I do not tolerate in all marriages."

The elder of the friars, in order to expel the devil more expeditiously, made the two lovers declare, that, without any compulsion, and of their own will, they plighted each other their faith.

Then Isabella protested, that the devil had left her at full liberty to accept or refuse the hand of Don Lewis Nurillo,—and that she had not given him hers, till she was plainly convinced heaven had ratified her marriage with that cavalier.

These words made her uncle change colour. "Well," said he to the physician, "do you call this enchantment and witchcraft?"

"You, Sir," answered the doctor, "made me believe that the devil so amused people, and I little expected a trick at the bottom."

"Nor I," said the guardian, "and shall take care to put an end to the sport. Away niece, bag and baggage; let us take the rout of Capua."

The friar, who had joined their hands, now interfered. "The lady," said he, must not go. She shall remain here. Our holy mother the church must not be a butt of derision: and we shall attend her till the lawful pastor of the contracting parties, complete what we have begun."

"I will not suffer it," cried the guardian. "Good God! can the grey hairs of an unfortunate old man be so dishonoured?"

"Softly Sir," said Don Lewis Nurillo's father to him; "my alliance does not dishonour you, though my fortune is less than yours. Besides, I have been no way instrumental to the marriage. Your niece and my son have concerted the business without my participation; and you must own, that when we were of their age, we were capable of the like artifice. Youth and love make great allowances for such improprieties in conduct."

Whilst he spoke, Isabella's uncle, from excess of vexation, became so weak, that they were obliged to have him carried into his chamber, and put to bed. His beautiful ward now quitted her bed, got herself dressed, and followed Don Lewis Nurillo, who conducted her as his spouse, to his father's house. She was there received with all the marks of consideration due to her rank.

With regard to the old uncle, the physician exercised upon him all the skill of which he had boasted; but the remedies he prescribed were of no efficacy in respect to a patient, who no longer placed any confidence in him,—and, in two days time, this good guardian appeared in the other world, to make the report of his ward's imposture.

This accident, however, did not retard the celebration of their marriage in due form; and it may be easily imagined, that the happy Isabella did not fail to invite the amiable strangers, who had seconded her to such advantage.

The Blessings of the Card-table.

"—DREADFUL anxiety sits brooding upon the brow of each individual: impending loss or gain produces a shocking display of the most sordid of the human passions, and exhibits a striking contrast to the pleasures of social life.

"The terrible effect which the card-table has upon the idea of female softness and gentleness of manners, is truly lamentable. It absorbs the very essence and loveliness of the woman, and changes the portraits of beauty into the figures of mischief and artful design. It gives them the semblance of furies, prompt by lucre to sell the birthright of their native innocence and simplicity. The masculine powers which are exercised in the prosecution of gaming, distort the female face, defile the delicacy of the sex, and change the angelic forms of youth and beauty to the likeness of hags and sprites.

"The principles of gaming are derived from the motives of avarice and the meanest of the human passions. The incentives for wagering, in any manner, concentre in the wish to deprive another of his money, to reduce him to distress, and to exult over his losses and his ruin; to add to the crime that of rioting in his fortune, by the fate of chance or foul play, and to raise a transient source of happiness upon the misery of a neighbour.

"The principles of the card-table are beggarly, illiberal and criminal; beneath the character of the gentleman and the man of honour; and meet only for the associated thieves, and profligate plunderers of society—the GAMBLERS.

"Mean and despicable is the passion for the card-table. It annihilates every virtue of the human mind, and calls forth the most sordid emotions into action. It fixes the keen and sharp-set eye of the villian upon the fortunes of his friend, and hardens the heart against the calamities which it produces. It overturns the claims of equity, and stamps false principles of honour in the breast of man. It banishes all the exquisite feelings which dignify our species, erases soft pity, good-will, and tenderness, from the affections. It imprints the indelible marks of avarice and imposition upon the countenance of its votaries, and proscribes the blessings of confidence from society. It excites enmity, malice and strife amongst the sons and daughters of pleasure, produces pick-pockets, and creates a gloomy war in the hours of festivity.

ON CARDS, AFTER WINNING.

"Of inventions the first, worth the best of rewards,"
Cries my lady Cutwell, "was the invention of cards;
For how dull would be life, if it were not to play
At dear whist the whole night, and good part of the day?
When our topics are spent, and the talk's at a stand,
We have instant relief if we take cards in hand;
They afford us much matter, as dealing we sit,
To remark on, and shew off our judgment and wit.
Very strangers that had not before ever met,
By the time a game's over, quite intimate get;
To all these good effects which arise out of play,
We may add, that it makes us good-humoured and gay."

It was after my lady some rubbers had gain'd,
That so strongly in favour of cards she exclaim'd.

ON CARDS, AFTER LOSING.

"Would, that he who found cards out, had ne'er seen the day,
For they're endless the mischiefs that come out of play;
To the very worst purpose cards certainly tend,
For they make us, our time and our money mispend;
Conversation's delights they are sure to curtail,
And where cheerfulness should, they make care to prevail;
They excite between strangers and friends sudden strife,
And—what the worst of all is—between man and wife."

'Twas that same lady Cutwell, beginning to lose.
That the Cards, in this manner, went on to abuse.

AS IT IS WITH THE CARDS, SO IT IS WITH THE REST;
WE APPROVE OR CONDEMN AS IT SUITS US THE BEST.

INSOLENCE REPAID WITH GOOD ADVICE.

WHEN the prince of Conde, and cardinal de Retz, two leaders of opposite factions, were viewing the curious gardens of a hermit, who was famous as a florist, they amused themselves by keeping him attentive to their discourse, while they trod to pieces his best flowers on each side of the path. He soon discovered their plan, and shaking his grey locks, "Alas!" said he "how much were it to be wished, that you could agree in plans to relieve your distressed country, with the same readiness, which you shew in joining to persecute a helpless solitary."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

FRAGMENT.

*********CRUEL wretch, said I, as I was standing at my window the other day, observing a carter beating his horse, in the most barbarous manner—is it possible that any one can treat a poor beast thus—But perhaps he is stubborn; said I, and thereupon went immediately out to be convinced—it was not so—the poor half-starved animal had a greater weight upon him than he could bear, and one of the wheels of the cart had got into a hole:—the fellow continued his wanton cruelty—I became enraged—and then spoke to him thus: "Unfeeling wretch, that can torture so valuable an animal, he deserves your protection, rather than abuse: know you, that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe at this moment sees your deeds, and for this treatment, you will be made to answer." The fellow, struck with these remarks, became ashamed of his conduct, and immediately assisted the horse out of his difficulty.

AFFECTATION is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy—Affectation, part of the chosen trappings of folly. *Rambler.*

A letter from Chamberry says a Paris paper, relates a curious circumstance of a man who was supposed to have died there suddenly. On the third day after, when a man was descending the stair case with the corpse and coffin on his head, he happened to slip, and tumbled down coffin and all.—The porter was sadly bruised, but the accident produced the resurrection of the man who was so soon to have been interred.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Despondent, No. 2.

SINCE writing my last number, I have listened to the buzz of criticism. If any thing could alleviate for a moment the anguish which I endure, it were the senseless remarks of vanity and empiricism. I have seen the curled lips of *petit maitres*, simpering contempt with all that characteristic apathy, which distinguishes beings so "essentially light." The *Despondent* has been accused of "declamation and rant," by "things," whose ideas never extended beyond the precincts of a barber's shop.

"Bold bad men" too, who dare not *feel*, whose highest ambition is to expel every humane emotion from their hearts, turned with a natural antipathy from a picture of woe. Dead to "nature and her charities," such characters are anxious to prove sensibility a fiction, or at least the offspring of folly. Wealth acquired by deeds of darkness, can be enjoyed only by the expulsion of every delicate sentiment. The shafts detached from the quiver of malevolence, stupidity, or inhumanity, fall pointless at my feet.

I write as my feelings dictate—feelings too impetuous to be restrained by the frozen rules of modern criticism, whose dull precepts have frittered passion down to a *vox et preterea nihil*.

HAPPY in a parent's love, I passed, not barely tolerating the acquisition of knowledge, but delighting in the pursuit, thro' the various branches of a liberal education, and found them all "beautiful as the Graces." External accomplishments adapted to my age, and the high expectations in life which I was taught to entertain, by the fond partiality of a father, were not neglected. The fabric was thus erected, and towered to an exalted eminence. No calculations were made upon the unstable nature of temporal grandeur, and the numberless enemies which were lurked in ambush to prostrate aspiring hopes.

After the completion of my scholastic studies, at an early period of life, I indulged in the fashionable diversions of the city, always gay and animated, but never criminal. I delighted in festivity, but detested excesses. The follies and vices of the world excited my ridicule, and provoked the lash of satire. The misfortunes of mankind however were venerable in my eyes, and never failed to command the involuntary tribute of a tear.

During this blissful period of my life, all-conquering love pervaded my heart. Unconscious of its magic influence, I was irretrievably its victim, ere I had contemplated the nature of a passion so novel and imperious. This was a new era in my existence. Creation now seemed decked with colours more exquisitely captivating. My glowing fancy pictured a perennial spring of unadulterated joy: For my affection was returned with equal ardour.

At the Theatre I first beheld MILCENA—on that evening Mr. MORTON performed *Romeo*. A certain indescribable tenderness and sympathy rendered this actor's countenance inimitably interesting. MILCENA appeared deeply affected. The "comely tear" moistened her eye. It was then I saw her beautiful in sorrow. I saw her—and my heart received an impression which death alone can efface. ALONZO.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Deception.

"*****A man may* smile *and be a villain too.*"

WITHIN the observation of every person of ordinary penetration, deception shews its hydra head. The various forms which it assumes, are calculated to elude every guard which moral rectitude has thought expedient to set up against its destructive machinations; though contemned by all, in some shape, yet so contagious is its influence, that but few escape its poisonous infection. The black catalogue of human vices, does not perhaps, exhibit an evil more pernicious to society than dissimulation:—concealed with the garb of hypocrisy, the deformity of vice cannot easily be discovered; under different modifications and illusive denominations it lies in ambush for innocence, and like the serpent, by its captivating appearance and subtle charms, allures the unsuspecting to its voracious jaws.—How frequently may we notice, where avarice takes possession of the heart, the insinuating smiles of perfidy blight the most exuberant prospects of youth; and oblige the orphan to seize the benevolent hand of charity to conduct him thro' the thorny path of minority.

Deception is the artful emissary, the active auxilliary to every mean and dishonorable action which the debased mind of human frailty is capable of conceiving:—the noble soul, actuated by principles of virtue, disdains the degrading policy of the foul fiend—starts with horror from its infatuating dictates, and inspired with sublimer motives, soars on the cherubic wings of sincerity and truth, far above the groveling minds of those who are dependent for their pleasures on the disgusting arts of dissimulation, and build the feeble fabric of their happiness on the unsubstantial foundation of deception. J. W. S.

Gather up the Fragments, that Nothing be Lost,

WAS a family order, given after a plentiful meal, by One who could instantly command a supply of bread. The power of Providence, if exercised with the same wise œconomy, is as the power of miracles. Neither of them is to be prostituted to the gratification of luxury, or the encouragement of negligence and laziness; in the divine works, there is no profuseness, and there ought to be none in ours. Providence is bountiful, but not wasteful; its blessings are bestowed freely, but not lavishly. We are to receive them thankfully, and use them frugally: not lose them by carelessness, nor squander them away in extravagance. —The man, who gathers up what heaven gives, and who suffers nothing to be lost, will always have a supply. He who receives not what is offered or preserves not what is cast into his hands, will always be in want.

A GOOD WIFE.

A Good wife should be like three things: which three things she should not be like.

1st, She should be like a snail, always keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back!

2d, She should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to: but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word!

3d, She should be like a town-clock, always keep time and regularity: but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her!

A Young Woman

With a good breast of milk, who can be well recommended, wishes to take a child to nurse in a healthy part of the city. *Enquire of the Printers.*

AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

[BY M. MERCIER.]

UPON the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, the ministers, new in office, and moved by humanity, begun their administration with an act of clemency and justice; they inspected the registers of the Bastile, and set many prisoners at liberty.

Among these, there was an old man who had groaned in confinement for forty-seven years, between four thick and cold stone walls. Hardened by adversity, which strengthens both the mind and the constitution, when they are not overpowered by it, he had resisted the horrors of his long imprisonment with an invincible and manly spirit. His locks white, thin, and scattered, had almost acquired the rigidity of iron; whilst his body, environed for so long a time by a coffin of stone, had borrowed from it a firm and compact habit.

The narrow door of his tomb turning upon its grating hinges, opened, not, as usual, by halves; and an unknown voice announced his liberty, and bid him depart. Believing this to be a dream, he hesitated; but at length walked forth with trembling steps, amazed at the space he traversed: He stopped from time to time, and gazed around like a bewildered traveller: His vision was with difficulty reconciled to the clear light of day: He contemplated the heavens as a new object: His eyes remained fixed, and he could not even weep. Stupified with the newly acquired power of changing his position, his limbs, like his tongue, refused in spite of his efforts to perform their office; at length he got through the formidable gate. When he felt the motion of the carriage, prepared to transport him to his former habitation, he screamed out, and uttered some inarticulate sounds; and as he could not bear this new movement, he was obliged to descend.

Supported by a benevolent arm he sought out the street where he had formerly resided; he found it, but no trace of his house remained; one of the public edifices occupied the spot where it had stood. He now saw nothing that brought to his recollection, either that particular quarter, the city itself, or the objects with which he had formerly been acquainted. The houses of his nearest neighbours, had assumed a new appearance. In vain were his looks directed to all the objects around him; he could discover nothing of which he had the smallest remembrance. Terrified, he stopped and fetched a sigh.—To him, what did it import that the city was peopled with living creatures? none of them were alive to him; he was unknown to all the world, and he knew nobody. And whilst he wept, he regretted his dungeon.

At the name of the Bastile, which he often pronounced, and even claimed as an asylum, and the sight of his cloaths that marked a former age, the crowd gathered around him; curiosity, blended with pity, excited their attention. The most aged asked him many questions, but had no remembrance of the circumstances he recapitulated. At length accident brought in his way an ancient domestic, now a superannuated porter, who, confined to his lodge for fifteen years, had barely sufficient strength to open the gate: Even he did not know the master he had served; but informed him that grief and misfortune had brought his wife to the grave thirty years before; that his children were gone abroad to distant climes; and that of all his relations and friends none now remained. This recital was made with the indifference which people discover for events long passed and almost forgot.

The miserable man groaned, and groaned alone. The crowd around, offering only unknown features to his view, made him feel the excess of his calamities, even more than he would have done in the dreadful solitude that he had left.

Overcome with sorrow, he presented himself before the minister, to whose humanity he owed that liberty which was now a burden to him.—Bowing down, he said, restore me again to that prison from which you have taken me; I cannot survive the loss of my nearest relations, of my freinds; and in a word, of a whole generation: Is it possible in the same moment to be informed of this universal destruction, and not to wish for death? This general mortality, which to the rest of mankind comes slowly and by degrees, has to me been instantaneous, the operation of a moment. Whilst secluded from society, I lived with myself only; but here I neither can live with myself nor with this new race, to whom my anguish and despair appear only as a dream. There is nothing terrible in dying, but it is dreadful indeed to be the last.

The minister was melted; he caused the old domestic to attend this unfortunate person, as only he could talk to him of his family. This discourse was the single consolation that he received; for he shunned all intercourse with a new race, born since he had been exiled from the world; and he passed his time in the midst of Paris, in the same solitude as he had done whilst confined in a dungeon for almost half a certury. But the chagrin and mortification of meeting no person who could say to him, we were formerly known to one another, soon put an end to his existence.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO AMYNTOR.

WOULD you, then, know a stranger's real name?
That boasts no place upon the roll of fame?
And do you wish her residence to hear?
Are thy inquires, as to both, sincere?
Ah! cease to ask what must not now be found,
And what thy sensibility might wound:
For neither affluence nor splendor dwell,
With sad MARIA in her lonely cell.
Yet she, at present, will impart to you,
What, to civility at least, is due;
And trusts, that candor will the faults excuse,
Of her reply, and inexperienc'd muse.
Know, then, the happiest portion of the earth, (birth:
COLUMBIA, lov'd Columbia! gave her
Dear *Philadelphia* form'd her infant mind;
And a Young Tutor her rude thoughts refin'd.
From it, him, and her honor'd parents flow,
Those comforts which sustain her in her woe.
But, ah! those parents here exist no more;
And gloomy prospects on MARIA low'r:
Fortune's gay sun withdraws his cheering light,
And gives her to obscurity and night.
Yet she'll one solace have, till life expire,
The widow's Husband and the orphans' Sire.

MARIA.

THE TWO LOVERS.

AT the capture of the town of Oia, in the East Indies, by the Porteguese, in 1508, an officer of that nation, named Sylveira, observed one of the natives, of a noble aspect, escaping by a private path, with a woman of exquisite beauty. He ran instantly in order to secure them. The Indian did not appear at all apprehensive for his own safety; but after turning about to defend himself, he made a sign for his companion to fly. Her faithful love would not permit her to obey his injunctions. She assured her lover, that she would rather die on the spot, or be a captive with him, than to escape alone. Sylveira, affected by the bravery of the one, and the magnanimity of the other, gave them liberty to depart; saying at the same time, "God forbid that my sword should destroy such noble and tender ties."

The Temple of Hilarity.

MILITARY JEU D'ESPRIT.

Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus.

A Colonel, by chronicles, late it appears,
In style gave a feed to his crack volunteers;
The dishes were good, but the glasses so small,
His heroes could scarcely drink any at all.
The commandant, thus to his right and left wing,
Said, "Gentlemen, *charge*, let us drink to the king,"
A jolly sub eyeing his glass at the time,
Cried, "Col'nel here's hardly enough for a *prime*."

The following Epitaph *was written on a piece of paper, and pinned to the back of one* David Salter, *(who had the character of being a very troublesome man) as he lay asleep in the Burying-ground of Dundee.*

Here lies David Salter at his quiet rest,
Lord, let him never rise again—quietness is best.

EPIGRAM.

A Hum'rous fellow in tavern late,
Being drunk, and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon, with his instruments and skill,
Searches the skull deeper and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And as, he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, "Good surgeon spare your pains,
When I began this brawl I had *no brains*."

A Scholar wanting money, sold his books, and wrote to his father—"*Rejoice with me for now my books maintain me.*"

One asked a pack-saddle-maker, Whether his trade was a very profitable one? to whom he replied, Was every ass to carry a pack-saddle, it would be worth upwards of two hundred ducats a-year to me.

A Gentleman of the bar, who lately wrote a treatise on oratory, being desirous of giving his friends a proper idea of his manuscript, engaged six or eight of them to come and hear him read it. The company being seated, and the reader in the centre of the room, he began with much gravity: and having in three or four pages, described the nature of eloquence, and then thus continued: "This being premised, it follows, that the great, the grand, the first —I had almost said—the only requisite to make an orator is"—here was a short pause; and one of the company taking advantage of it, added, in a similar tone of voice, "*A very large, and a very well powdered perewig.*"

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

Beset with dangers, and with toils oppress'd,
The boldest counsels oft are prov'd the best.

WHEN the fort of Fescamp, in France, was taken by Byron, from the League, in the garrison that was turned out of it, there was a gentleman called Bois-rose, a man of heart and of head, who remarked exactly the place out of which he was driven; and taking his precautions deep, contrived to get two soldiers, whom he had gained, to be received into the new garrison, which was put into Fescamp by the royalists.

That side of the fort, next the sea, is a perpendicular rock, six hundred feet high, the bottom of which, for about the height of twelve feet, is continually washed by the sea, except four or five days in the year, during the utmost recess of the sea, when, for the space of three or four hours, it leaves fifteen or twenty fathoms of dry sand at the foot of the rock. Bois-rose, who found it impossible by any other way to surprize a garrison, who guarded attentively a place lately taken, did not doubt of accomplishing his design, if he could enter by that side which was thought inaccessible. He thought no longer, but how to render the thing possible; and this was the expedient he took.

He had agreed upon a signal with the two soldiers, whom he had corrupted, and one of them waited for it continually upon the top of the rock, where he posted himself during the whole time that it was low water. Boise-rose, taking the opportunity of a very dark night, came with fifty resolute men, chosen from amongst the sailors, in two large boats, to the foot of the rock. He had provided himself with a thick cable, equal in length to the height of the rock; and tying knots at equal distances, run short sticks through, to serve to support them as they climbed up.

The soldier, whom he had gained, having waited six months for the signal, no sooner perceived it, than he let down a cord from the top of the precipice, to which those below fastened the cable, by which means it was wound up to the top, and made fast to an opening in the battlement with a strong crow run through an iron staple made for that purpose. Bois-rose, giving the lead to two serjeants, whose courage he was well convinced of, ordered the fifty soldiers to mount the ladder in the same manner, one after another, with their weapons tied round their bodies, himself bringing up the rear, to take away all hope of returning, which soon indeed became impossible; for before they had ascended half-way, the sea, rising more than six feet, carried off their boats, and set their cable a-floating.

The necessity of not withdrawing from a difficult enterprize is not always a security against fear, when the danger appears almost inevitable. If the mind represents to itself these fifty men suspended between heaven and earth, in the midst of darkness, trusting their safety to a machine so insecure, that the least want of caution, the treachery of a mercenary soldier, or the slightest fear, might precipitate them into the abyss of the sea, or dash them against the rocks; add to this, the noise of the waves, the height of the rock, their weariness, and exhausted spirits, it will not appear surprizing, that the boldest among them trembled, as, in fact, he who was the foremast did. This serjeant, telling the next man that he could mount no higher, and that his heart failed him. Bois-rose, to whom this discourse passed from mouth to mouth, and who perceiving the truth of it, by their advancing no higher, crept over the bodies of those that were before him, advising each to keep firm, and got up to the foremast, whose spirits he at first endeavoured to animate; but finding that gentleness would not prevail, he obliged him to mount by pricking him in the back parts with his poinard; and doubtless, if he had not obeyed him, he would have precipitated him into the sea.

At length, with incredible labour and fatigue, the whole troop got to the top of the rock, a little before the break of day, and was introduced by the two soldiers, into the castle, where they began to slaughter without mercy, the centinels and the whole guard: sleep delivered up almost all the garrison to the mercy of the enemy, who carried it with a high hand over all who resisted, and took possession of the fort.

PHILADELPHIA,

January 24.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Lysander,*" and "*De la Rue,* shall appear in our next.

Several other communications are received, and shall, in due time, be disposed of according their merit.

The hints of "*Responser,*" shall, in part, to be attended to.

*** It is hoped in future, that persons in their communication of *Anecdotes,* &c. will avoid such as contain *double endendres,* or *indelicate insinuations,* as these are absolutely inadmissible.

The ship Three Sisters, capt. Murphy, has arrived at New York, in 38 days from Liverpool, but brings no foreign news of consequence

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FIRE!

By acounts received last evening, from the City of Washington, it appears, that the TREASURY DEPARTMENT has been consumed by fire; but the books and papers have been chiefly saved. It originated near one of the fire-places, about 8 o'clock, on Tuesday evening.

The Judiciary Bill has passed the House of Representatives by a majority of eight.

Gen. Marshall was nominated Chief Justice of the United States, on the 20th inst.

The Hon. Henry Latimer, Esq. Senator from the state of Delaware in the congress of the United States, has resigned his seat in that body.

The town of MARBLEHEAD, we are glad to hear, is relieved from the distresses occasioned by the small-box. 68 have died of the infection—of whom two were men, 12 women, 3 lads, 4 young women, and 47 children, mostly infants.

The *Kine-pox* inoculation does not seem to have answered their expectations—18 of those who were supposed to have received this pox, were afterwards subjects of the *small-pox.* And we are sorry to observe, that their disasters abroad have been more severe than their calamity at home—Thirty-two men and lads have been lost in the navigation and fisheries; besides the lives of a number more are doubtful.

INDIA.

A London paper of Nov. 16, gives the following recent instance of the power of SUPERSTITION *among the Siamese.*

The great Royal elephant, which is supposed by the credulous people to be immortal, is here held in a state of idolatry, and on occasions of importance is led in procession with extraordinary parade and ceremony. In order to excite popularity to the war against Ava, and direct the superstious prejudices of the natives to its active prosecution, the great Elephant was led forth; but in the midst of the rites, and within the observance of hundreds, the animal fell down and instantly expired—fear and amazement pervaded every bosom; they regarded the event as the presage of some dire condemnation of the war, which notwithstanding all the persuasion of the Priests, and the influence of the Court, they considered impious. Should the King of Ava take advantage of this event, the conquest of Siam must be the consequence.

[*From the True American.*]

THE COW, THE BOY, AND THE WOLF.

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Auxonne were long annoyed by a Wolf, which at one time devoured a young girl. A boy named Fourault, about fourteen years of age, was minding some cows in that canton. It is well known that these animals, when urged by common danger at the approach of the wolf, are led by instinct to collect and range themselvss into a kind of circular phalanx, presenting to enemy those arms with which Nature has furnished their heads, and thus securing their bodies, which would be otherwise exposed. The cows which Fourcault watched adopted this natural tactic the moment they preceived the wolf, which however, directed itself not towards them, but the boy, whom it seized, and was beginning to shake to peices. One of the cows, immediately separated herself from the phalanx, attacked the wolf and made it drop its prey. The boy availed himself of the contest between his adversary and protectress to seek his safety by flight. The wolf quitted the cow, pursued the boy, seized and shook him as before. The cow rushed forward again for the defence of the youth, and harrassed the wolf so much as to oblige it to relinquish the victim once more, but being soon repulsed, the boy was a third time in the jaws of the wolf, when fortunately two inhabitants of Villers le-point came up, and dispatched the animal,

Young Fourcault was carried to the hospital, and thought wounded in more then thirty places, is since perfectly recovered.

Marriages.

MARRIED—By the Rev. Dr. Rogers, George Clinton, jun. Esq. to Miss Hannah Franklin.

———By the Rev. Mr. Uustick, Mr. Daniel Newnham. to Miss Rebecca Thornton, both of this city.

———By the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Thomas Nicholas, to Miss Mary Colman, both of this city.

———By the Rev. Dr. Read, Mr. John Cunningham, of New-London, Cross Roads, to Miss Ross, of London-Grove, Chester county.

———At Norwich, (Con.) Mr. Andrew Mason, to Miss Polly Collins—and Mr. Joseph Weeks to Miss Hannah Crocker.

Deaths.

DIED—After a short illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Tompkins, aged 32 years, the consort of Mr. Samuel Tompkins

———After a lingering illness, Mrs. Ann Chaloner, wife of John Chaloner, Esq. of this city.

———Mrs. Eliza Slater, consort of Mr. Anthony Slater, of this city.

———At York Town, (Vir.) General William Nelson, in the 38th year of his age.

———At Richmond, (Vir.) Mrs. Martha Lewis, consort of the late Mr. Benjamin Lewis.

———At Cranston, (R. I.) in the 83d year of his age, Deacon John Dyer.

———At Norwich (Con.) Mr. Ebenezer Carew, aged 59.

The Subscribers of the Philadelphia Repository will please to take notice, that their third payment of 25 Cents will be collected by the Carriers on Saturday next; and those who may not be at home at the time, will oblige the Editors by sending, or leaving their subscription money at the office, No. 51. S. Third Street.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A Drinking Song.

FOR THE LADIES.

LET topers drain the flowing bowl,
And tipsy get for me;
I ne'er their orgies shall controul,
So's I've a bowl of tea.

And let them jest, and drink and smoke,
And stir up mirth and glee;
I'll stir up, pleasure to provoke,
A smoking cup of tea.

When round the board the old and young,
With characters make free;
The pivot of the prattling tongue,
What oils so well as tea.

But sorrow bid, should we take down
Noyaw or ratifie;
What can the fumes so fairly drown
As qualifying tea.

The type of life, its joys and cares,
This beverage we see:
The vital stream that water wears;
The bitters are the tea.

West India's produce are the sweets;
And while they thus agree,
In cream the happy medium meets,
That life corrects, and tea.

Then let the great and rich give way,
Pomp, pride, and pedigree,
We find distinctions every day,
Levell'd by death and tea.

From gipsys underneath the hedge,
To the grand coterie,
Kind females still each other pledge,
In bowls of social tea.

ON PROVIDENCE.

IF mortal hands thy peace destroy,
Or friendship's gift bestow;
Wilt thou to man ascribe the joy?
To man impute the woe?

'Tis God!—whose thoughts for various ends
The human lot dispose;
Around thee plants assisting friends,
Or heaps avenging woes.—

Not from the *bow* the death proceeds,
But from the archer's skill,
Who lends the winged shaft its speed,
And gives it pow'r to kill.

THE NIMMERS.

TWO foot companions once in deep discourse, (horse.
Tom, says the one—let's go and steal a
Steal! says the other, in a huge surprise,
He that says I'm a thief—I say he lies.
Well, well, replies his friend,—no such affront,
I did but ask ye—if you won't—you won't.
So they jogg'd on—'till, in another strain,
The querist mov'd to *honest Tom* again;
Suppose, says he—for supposition's sake—
'Tis but supposition that I make,—
Suppose—that we should *filch* a horse, I say?
Filch! Filch! quoth *Tom*,—demurring by the way; (own—
That's not so bad as downright *theft*—I
But—yet—methinks—'twere better let alone:
It soundeth something pitiful, and low;
Shall we go *filch* a horse you say?—why, no—
I'll filch no filching!—and I'll tell no lie;
Honesty's the best policy, say I.

Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb, (come:
His comrade paus'd—at last says he—come,
Thou art an *honest* fellow—I agree—
Honest and poor;—alas! that should not be:
And dry into the bargain—and no *drink!*
Shall we go *nim* a horse, *Tom*—what dost' think.

How clear things are when liquor's in the case!
Tom answers quick, with casuistic grace,
Nim, yes, yes, yes, let's *nim* with all my heart,
I see no harm in *nimming*, for my part;
Hard is the case, now I look sharp into't,
That *honesty* shou'd trudge i'th' dirt a foot;
So many empty horses round about,
That *honesty* should wear its bottoms out;
Besides, shall *honesty* be choak'd with thirst?
Were it my *Lord Mayor's* horse—I'd *nim* it first.
And by the bye—my lad—no scrubby tit—
There is the best that ever wore a bit,
Not far from hence—I take ye, quoth his friend,
Is not yon stable, *Tom*, our journey's end?

Good wits will jump—both meant the very steed; (speed:
The top o'the country both for shape and
So to't they went—and, with a halter round
His feather'd neck, they *nim'd* him off the ground.
(next relate
And now, good neighbours, we should
Of these adventurers the luckless fate:
Poor *Tom!*—but here the sequel is to seek,
Not being yet translated from the Greek:
Some say, that *Tom* would *honestly* have preacht, (reacht;
But by his blabbling friend was over-
Others insist upon't, that both the elves
Were in like manner, *halter nim'd* themselves.

It matters not—The *moral* is the thing,
For which our purpose, neighbours, was to sing.
If it should hit some few amongst the throng,
Let 'em not lay the fault upon the song.
Fair warning all: He that has got a cap,
Now put it on—or else beware a rap:
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet,
Has a long reach with it—*videlicet*,
'Twixt right, and wrong, how many gentle trimmers
Will neither steal, nor filch, but will be plaguy nimmers!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

VERSES

Humbly Inscribed to the Memory of the Humane, Pious, and much lamented Mrs. OAT.
Who died suddenly on the 6th of this Month.

SHE's gone—the earth could not contain
A soul so pure, so free from stain,
No more those smiles which love display'd,
Nor tongue that softest sounds convey'd,
Those lips which blessings could impart,
And eyes the index of the heart;
With soul and sentiment refin'd,
The ornament of woman kind,
Are in the height of all their bloom,
Call'd to embrace an early tomb.
The trumpet sounds the dread alarm,
She leaves a husband's faithful arm;
Her infants', parents', sisters' cries,
Could not withhold her from the skies.
On wings of everlasting love,
Her soul transported soars above,
And sings, in joyful strains, to find
Her Lord in saving mercy kind:
Forgetting all her pains below,
In pity smiles on human woe.
Could innocence or virtue save,
She might have triumph'd o'er the grave;
Could love reverse what God decreed,
E'en death himself would had to bleed.
But cease, dear friends, no more complain,
Tho' great's your loss, yet more's her gain—
God saw her virtues, bade her die,
And call'd her to her native sky.
Cease too, my pen—forbear—she's blest;
Content—God's Providence knows best;
In humble resignation sing,
"God's will be done in every thing."